

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

THE DISCOVERIES OF OBEDIENCE.

If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine.—*John, 7:17.*

How much time is expended, (we do not say unwisely,) in attempting to embody in significant and satisfactory terms, what is involved in the higher life. What a bitter controversy has raged and is still raging in reference to the specific character of the highest spiritual blessings that may be enjoyed in the present life. What a difference of opinion among good men as to what is embraced in the work of regeneration, and in what respect entire sanctification is a work of the Spirit in advance of this. How much perplexity many discover in attempting to harmonize christian perfection, with intellectual and moral growth, with the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature, and with the constant requisitions upon the atonement! A humble Christian might well be disheartened by these diverse opinions, even among the Masters in Israel.

But there is a simple and available process by which the christian disciple may attain to all the "heights and depths" of religious experience without for a moment harrassing his mind with these conflicting views. The Scripture at the head of this page suggests this process. In the original, instead of a verb in the future, a verb in the present tense will be found, involving immediate, energetic action—if a man's will is set to obedience—if he resolutely, and with all his heart, obeys God, then he shall discover the divine power and full efficiency of the gospel.

The New Testament is not a catechism or a system of divinity. It is a collection of heavenly precepts, promises and warnings. Nearly every truth is embodied in a living and impressive example. But there is no summary of all the steps of grace, in order, from the penitence of the prodigal to the vision of the crown of life. There are rich, full, exalted promises to the believer, distinctly set forth. Without embarrassing himself with theories; without perplexing his mind with nice distinctions and limitations, "leaving the things

that are behind, he is to press for the prize of his *high calling* in Christ Jesus." All that is recorded as the earthly inheritance of the saints secured by Christ's atonement, is his. He is at once to yield to the simple conditions and to enter upon his possession.

We have heard of an excellent christian lady who determined upon this course. She laid all the unsatisfactory discussions about the possible attainments of believers in the present life, aside; and taking the New Testament, and the Evangelical prophet Isaiah, into her closet she read with this settled determination. Under the light of the Holy Spirit, promised to all that ask His presence, she would consider every promise and its condition. She would at once, with the divine aid, yield herself to all the requisitions of the conditions, and seek the personal enjoyment of all that the Word of God proffered. The result was, as might be expected. There was a blessed advent in that closet, and the obedient, believing disciple was enabled to say, "I have found him, full of grace and truth, of whom Moses and the prophets did write."

By this course we step on solid rock in every advance we make; and faithfully pursuing it, we cannot but reach the "full stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus." The personal experiment will bring with it, its own witness; if any man *will do*, he *shall* know. The sun declares himself by his own rays; and the sun of righteousness, rising "with healing under his wings," reveals Himself in His own light.

The word translated shall *know*, will bear the rendering shall be *satisfied*. The evidence comes as a necessary part of the blessing and is involved in it.

It has been said that the humblest mind may be as well assured as the profoundest, that God intended that the cooling spring should quench the thirst. The philosopher can analyze the water, and examining the inflamed lining of the mouth, can convince himself that there is a perfect adaptation in the elements of the one to cool the fever of the other; but the humblest man that thirsts and kneels by the spring, and buries his face in the cooling waters, and drinks of the limpid tide, will be just as well assured that, God, by a divine chemistry, prepared the spring for the thirsty soul, because it exactly satisfies the

want of his nature. So the obedient heart submitting to the divine conditions, and resting upon the divine promises, "shall know of the doctrine," shall be perfectly satisfied, that the unutterable peace and joy following, is the promised blessing, because it just meets and fills the enlarged and enlarging cravings of the heart panting after God.

Perhaps we have too much human experience; too much human direction; rely too much upon the formal labors of others to bring us into the enjoyment of our spiritual birthright. To the clear words of the Covenant let us constantly go. It is the office of the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Christ and present them unto us. A heart that is really set to find Jesus in all his offices and power, cannot be disappointed. He *shall* know. Jesus longs to reveal himself. We have but to pray "Abide with us," and he will come in. His hand will be spread over our affections, and the blessed benediction will be heard through every avenue of the soul—*Peace be unto you!*

THE TRUE OFFICE OF TROUBLE.

"For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, *that we might be partakers of His holiness.*"

This is the divine intention in the sorows that fall upon us; not merely that we shall be supported, and thus illustrate the power of grace, but that we shall be brought into closer sympathy with our Heavenly Father; receive him more fully into our hearts; become partakers of the Divine nature, and drink deeply from the fountain of his holiness.

Hours of affliction, whether proceeding from a public or private occasion, are to be improved for this purpose. Whenever we fall upon them, there is a heavenly voice reaches us, saying, "The Master has come and calleth for thee."

We tremble for a moment, (he knoweth that we are dust) the flesh shrinks from the discipline; but we need not fear the rod in the Father's hand. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." For the present the affliction is not joyous but grievous; but if accepted in faith, it will yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Whatever cuts the earthly cord, however keen the edge of the instrument, permits the soul to rise to its Saviour. It is

better to share the Divine holiness than to enjoy any creature that God can bestow upon us. He is certainly better than anything that he has made. To share his holiness is to enjoy his happiness; and there is joy in heaven." These are troublous times. Clouds and darkness surround the throne. Not for destruction but for purification and salvation, has God permitted them to fall upon us.

God is calling us both to humiliation and to sublime fellowship with himself. He is drawing us to his heart by the chastisements of his providence. Let us not pass through the sea without receiving a holy baptism. To bear all life's calamities, and besides loose all the fruits of the Spirit which they are intended to yield, how fearful the burden and how sore the loss! "Come unto me;" it is his voice that is poured upon our ear by our earthly disappointments—"Come unto me and I will give you rest,"

"For I sought not out for crosses,
I did not seek for pain;
Yet I find the heart's sore losses
Were the spirit's surest gain."

When the Divine end is accomplished in us we shall indeed "joy in tribulation also;" for "then shall I be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

"Thou madest us for Thine;
We seek amiss, we wander to and fro;
Yet are we ever on the track Divine;
The soul confesseth Thee, but sense is slow
To lean on aught but that which it may see;
So hath it crowded up these courts below
With dark and broken images of Thee;
Lead Thou us forth upon Thy Mount, and show
Thy goodly patterns, whence these things of old
By Thee were fashioned; One though manifold.
Glass Thou thy perfect likeness in the soul,
Show us Thy countenance, and we are whole!"

BISHOP MCKENDREE ON PERFECT LOVE.

Thomas Armstrong, Esq., at a very interesting "memorial" gathering in Baltimore, in an address full of affecting reminiscences of former days and departed worthies, among others, thus refers to the beloved and eloquent McKendree.

"Here, too, have we heard McKendree, with his sweet, silvery voice and happy and cheerful face impressing the doctrine of perfect love upon his hearers, and encouraging those to seek it who doubted if such a blessing could be obtained, or, if obtained, long possessed. 'Get it,' said the good Bishop, 'and the grace

of God will enable you, if faithful, to keep the heart right.' To any who thought there was more professed than enjoyed by those who say they have reached this state of grace, he said: 'Try it, brother, for yourself, and you will know all about it.' The Bishop illustrated the subject by referring to two persons on the side of a mountain, one of whom was much higher up than the other. The one nearest the summit tells the other that from his elevated position the prospect is of the most extended and enchanting character. The person below answers that he does not believe a word of it, because he can discover nothing of the kind. 'Come up higher, and see for yourself,' the individual above replies. So the Bishop exhorted his congregation by saying: 'Come up higher, brother; come up higher, sister.'"

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

At the public meeting held on the first of January, in Boston, to give expression to the devout emotions occasioned by the promised proclamation of freedom for the slave from the President, when, in the evening, it was announced that the proclamation had actually been issued, the great congregation rose, and sang, with wonderful effect, the hymn commencing—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

It is the hour that "prophets and priests" in our Israel have long—

"desired to see,
But died without the sight."

Who can rise to the full sublimity of this great fact. It is not simply the freedom of the millions of the present generation, but of their children's children for all time. It is not the simple removing of galling chains from the bodies of living men, but the resurrection of a race from ignorance, degradation and sin, into a life of intelligence and piety.

The great office of the American people at this hour is to become familiar with their moral condition; to learn their great necessities, and to apply those civilizing and Christianizing processes which will at once restrain brutal appetites, and develop the noblest powers and industries.

Providentially at this moment a valuable work is issued from the press, from the pen of an eminent Frenchman, M. Augustin Cochin, entitled "The Results of Emancipation." It contains a remarkably vivid and interesting history of the whole experiment of Emancipation in the French, English, Dutch, Swedish and Danish, West Indian Colonies. It is the book for the hour; attractive in style, full in its details and eminently suggestive in its lessons. The volume has been received with great favor by the public, and merits a reading at the hand of every thoughtful man.

It is handsomely published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and is for sale at all the Book stores.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

An English correspondent of the Northern Christian Advocate, thus refers to these beloved servants of Christ.

Mrs. Phebe Palmer has been for a few months past lying seriously ill at Liverpool, whither she and Dr. Palmer had come from their first revival campaign, with the intention of returning to New York. There, however, a forcible arrest was put upon them by this affliction. Doubtless their work is not finished in England; and although they will be debarred from laboring in Wesleyan Chapels by the resolution of the last Conference, other doors are opening in all directions, and the more earnest of the membership of orthodox churches will gladly co-operate with the Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. We are expecting now another year of service in this country, from this modern Priscilla and Aquilla, and several thousand more of British sinners brought to Christ. The action of the British Wesleyan Conference may be for greater good to the universal Church, and Dr. and Mrs. Palmer will have a larger field of labor, and be made a more extensive blessing than if they had been restricted to the Wesleyan body.

A LITTLE boy of four years was attempting to cheer his mother, who was frightened by a thunder storm.

"Don't be afraid, mamma," he said, "God won't hurt us. Don't you know what makes thunder and lightning? I do. The sun is hid, you see, and it's the great black clouds striking up against it, and making the fire flash out."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BOOKS.

THE CANON OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.—

The preservation of the Bible and its general acceptance to-day throughout the civilized world, is perhaps the most convincing evidence of its Divine authority. Infidelity has long tried, and is attempting now, to weaken its hold upon the Christian world; but all in vain. "The powers of hell cannot prevail against it." Precious defences and illustrations of the Sacred Record are constantly issuing from the press. The American Tract Society, Boston, has just published a volume of rare excellence upon the "Canon," or the right to a place in the Holy Scriptures, of all the books now included in the Bible, and the rejection of all others pretending to be inspired. Its author is the well-known, learned Prof. Gaussen of Geneva, whose work upon the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures has long been in the hands of Christian students—a new edition of which, we are glad to know is soon to be issued by the Tract Society. The present work, like the former, has been admirably translated and edited by Dr. Kirk. It is a work that every reader of the Bible will thankfully study. For sale at the Tract rooms, 28 Cornhill.

The Celestial Dawn or Connection of Earth and Heaven. By Rev. W. F. Evans. We have been much interested in the perusal of this volume. It is certainly well written and full of beautiful and suggestive thoughts. One can but be profited spiritually by its perusal. With its leading object and doctrine we heartily sympathize—the realization of the heavenly life on earth; but there are incidental views of the triune nature of God, and of the atonement, which do not accord with our apprehension of the teachings of the Bible. There is, withal, an unintended disparagement of the *letter* of the Scriptures in the effort to bring out the veiled, spiritual significance of them. The volume will hold the attention, and to the thoughtful and judicious reader, will yield pleasure and profit. For sale at the office of the Guide.

Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. We do most heartily commend this beautiful, and instructive volume. Whoever has read the previous publications of its author—"The recreations of a Country Parson," in two vol-

umes,—will be eager to procure this, and whoever has not will do well to obtain them.

The present volume is exclusively religious, the previous were literary and sometimes playful, but always instructive. But this volume is invested with that same exquisite simplicity and beauty of style and fulness of illustration. The different essays might pass for sermons, and they are such sermons as few congregations hear, and any intelligent Christian will read with great pleasure and profit. It is published in the handsomest manner by Ticknor & Fields, and is for sale in all the Bookstores.

The same Publishers have issued a precious volume entitled "A Present Heaven" by the author of "The Patience of Hope," noticed in our last number. It is an eloquent appeal for a higher, richer, and inward life, and a refreshing illustration of it. It pleads for a "heaven begun below." A forced meaning may be given to certain passages of Scripture; but the truth inculcated throughout its pages is as "manna" to a believing soul. It will find its place in the "Closet Library," and will water many thirsty souls.

Henry Hoyt, from his Sabbath School Depository, has just sent forth a little volume entitled "Noonday"; from the devoted pen of the author of "The Red House." It illustrates in truthful and thrilling incidents the fearful effect upon the individual and family of a love of gain; and it also clearly sets forth the beauty of holiness. Every young man, entering into active life, might be greatly profited by reading its charming pages. It is one of those wholesome family books that purifies and inspires, while it wins to its lessons by its strong hold upon the heart.

Rev. Mr. Bullard Secretary of the Mass. Sabbath School Society has prepared a valuable little book entitled the "Soldier's Diary." It is a volume of excellent suggestions as to health and morals, of interesting anecdotes, and of kind Christian counsels, especially adapted to the few leisure hours of the soldier, and to the small compass of his knapsack. It contains also blank leaves and spaces for every day in the year, upon which he may make notes which will be of indescribable interest and value hereafter. For sale at Depository No. 13 Cornhill.

LAND IN SIGHT.

J. W. PAUL.

1. Land in sight, Land in sight, The glorious Land of Light, E'en now its pearly gates my

2. Land in sight, Land in sight, The glorious Land of Light, E'en now its happy sainted

eyes behold, Adorned with jewels rare; O, sight most wondrous fair, And streets with
[pavements]

throng I see, And on my eager ear, Full, sweet, and rising clear, Swells the glad tide of

all of shining gold, O Land of Light, O Land of Light, The glorious Land of Light.

ho-ly harmo - ny, O Land of Light, O Land of Light, The glorious Land of Light.

3 Land in sight, Land in sight,
The glorious Land of Light,
There sits the Holy One, once crucified,
Who all our sufferings bore,
When human form he wore,
And shed for us his blood, a crimson tide,
O Land of Light, O Land of Light,
The glorious Land of Light.

4 Land in sight, Land in sight,
The glorious Land of Light,
Abiding place of those from earth released,
Arrayed in spotless white,
Who conquered in the fight;
I hear their songs who sup the marriage feast,
O Land of Light, O Land of Light,
The glorious Land of Light.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS SUCCESS.

BY REV. WM. McDONALD.

CONCLUDED.

Such, we repeat, is the success which attended the preaching of the cross by the first ministers of the Church. We look in vain for a parallel. If we compare the success of the first ministers of the Church, with the success which attends the labors of the modern Church, we are struck with our failure.

Since 1701, Protestant Christianity has organized nearly fifty Missionary Societies. The Methodists have six; the Protestant Episcopalians have five; the Baptists, of all schools, have four; the Congregationalists have three; the Presbyterians have three; the Moravians have one; and the remainder are mostly combinations of different denominations. These societies have sent their laborers into all parts of the world, so that their sound is gone out into all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world. It would seem that so formidable a force, would soon, not only drive in the out-posts of Paganism, but bend the neck of Heathendom to the yoke of Christ. More than two hundred years have passed since the Dutch led the way in special missionary efforts; establishing a mission at Malabar, and in a most heroic manner penetrating into Java, Ceylon, Sumatra and Collumba. The result of all this effort is summed up by a recent writer in the following statement:—"It is estimated that five hundred thousand Pagans were converted during the first sixty years of the Christian Church,

and, that the number of converts during the last sixty years is eight hundred thousand at least."

This statement has been often repeated to prove that the modern Church is much more successful than the Primitive in winning souls to Christ. We might question the correctness of the statement, and demand the data from which such results are reached. But suppose the figures correct; suppose we have gained, in sixty years, three hundred thousand more than the Primitive Church gained in the same time. To make the results equal, the advantages and disadvantages of the two periods should be equal. But what are the facts in the case?

1. Every government on earth was hostile to the Primitive Church. The Jews, with bigoted hate, murdered the Founder. The Roman, with Pagan blindness, for 300 years, ceased not to persecute to the death "this way." As pilgrims and strangers, they found no protection on earth. With us, scarcely an opposing voice is heard, scarcely a weapon is drawn, save to favor us. The whole world, with open arms, wait to receive us, and the Macedonian cry comes to us on the wings of every breeze.

2. For more than sixty years, the Apostles were laying the foundations, and establishing Christianity. This is slow work, as our missionaries to Pagan lands can testify. Dr. Judson toiled for seven years before he saw one Pagan baptized into the Christian faith.

For the past sixty years, we have been building upon the foundation laid by apostolic hands. We have had all the advantages of apostolic labor; all the advantages of the Lutheran Refor-

mation, and, at least sixty years of the Wesleyan Reformation to begin with. But with the apostles, it was twelve men against the world.

3. The apostles had no well organized societies, raising hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly, for the support of the cause. They had no Bible Societies to furnish Bibles to the people by the million. They had no *Press*, by the aid of which, books, tracts and periodicals were furnished the people in untold quantities, preaching the gospel quite as effectually as it is preached from the pulpits. We have had most of these for more than sixty years. We load our *rail-cars* with the *Bread of life*, and send them thundering round the world, and command the lightning to report our coming. A few take passage to dispense the gifts. But the Primitive church was not so highly favored. They generally took foot passage and found themselves; and yet wherever they went, their enemies said, "they turned the world upside down."

4. They had no institutions of learning, sending forth men so fully laden with theological and philosophical lore, that the worshippers of Confucius and Boodh would be impressed with the belief that the gods had appeared among men. If a talented, earnest young man needed a little theological training, he was taken to reside awhile with old Bro. Acquilla and his worthy lady; and after completing his theological studies there, he goes out and mightily convinces the Jews that Jesus is the Christ. But with us these institutions have multiplied so rapidly that he may be regarded a smart man who can tell half their number.

Here are a few of our superior advantages. Our gain over the Primitive Church, with these, should have been

immense; as it is, we have nothing to boast of.

Consider the immense numbers in this babbling world who are yet without a knowledge of Jesus. Of every one hundred human beings on earth, eleven are Pagans, fourteen are Brahminists, seventeen are Papists, nineteen are Mohammedans, thirty are Boodhists, and eight only are Christians. Giving Protestantism all it claims, and still ninety-two one-hundredths of the race have never heard of Jesus. What a world!

It does seem to me that the agencies employed are not doing what God and the world have a right to expect. The Primitive Church outstrips us, I believe, immeasurably. I know it is natural for us to extol the glories of the past, and depreciate the glories of the present. I would not do this without cause. I see very much to thank God for in the past—much to strengthen my faith at the present, and much to inspire my hope for the future. Still, whichever way I turn, these facts stare me in the face. I do not present them to paralyze the faith of the Church, but to inspire all hearts with new vigor. We have the same gospel that the Primitive Church had. It is as mighty now as when it arrested a persecuting Saul, or brought an Areopagite to a knowledge of the true God. It has converted as desperate cases in modern, as in ancient times. This want of success must be looked for in the agencies employed, and not in the machinery. There is a want of power. The machinery is not worked up to the original design. A limited examination of the elements of power in the early Church—that which gave them their success—must convince all that our failure is here. In another number we

will set these forth as we understand them.

MARRIED TO CHRIST.

BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

O Jesus, my lover and love,
The joy and repose of my breast,
The light of the city above,
In whom all the angels are blessed.
How sweet is thy presence this hour,
How dear thy inaudible voice;
Thy smile has unspeakable power
To make all within me rejoice.

What am I, O Saviour, that thou
Should'st come and commune with my
heart,
In whispers so loving and low,
That all my misgivings depart?
And I drink in the light of thine eyes.
Till the depths of my spirit are bright,
And my soul in beholding thee lies
Transported with awe and delight.

O Jesus! ineffable name!
Redeemer! Deliverer! King!
The gift of thy passion I claim,
Thy triumph in triumph I sing;
I dwell on the rapturous tale
Of pardon and holiness given;
A ransom that never can fail,
My Saviour, my hope, and my heaven.

Thy blood has redeemed me from death,
And washed me from shame and from sin;
And warmed into bliss by thy breath,
I feel a new being begin;
A life that is lost in thine own,
As a drop in a sea without shore,
With love and with Jesus alone,
Where Jesus is all, evermore.

For ever and ever, O Christ!
My heart is now married to thine;
Love's infinite void is sufficed,
Thine infinite fullness is mine;
By faith in the covenant sealed,
I trust thee, and call thee my own;
And now is the mystery revealed
How Christ and his people are one.
[Christian Advocate.]

THE Christian should never forget
what he once was; whose he now is,
and what he soon will be.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF GO-
ING ON UNTO PERFECTION.

SECOND SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1.

It is my purpose, beloved, by God's help, to present to you at this time such considerations as I think ought to weigh with you, yea, with *every one of you*, to press forward toward the mark of entire deliverance from the carnal mind, and the complete possession of the mind which was in Christ Jesus.

But some of you are ready to meet me, I suspect, on the very threshold of our present interview, with discouraging allusions to the possibility of failure in case you should attempt to reach and maintain purity of heart. You point to A, B and C, who sought the great salvation without success, and to others, who, having walked in the light for a time, at length fainted in the way. You perhaps tell of some who once made distinct profession of perfect love, and subsequently became even wicked in their lives. These certainly are very melancholy facts, but they ought not by any means to dissuade you from seeking full salvation for yourself. Consider, I pray you, are there not always many failures where there is large success? Princely fortunes are made in the large cities, but it is estimated that nearly nine in ten of our merchants fail to make fortunes, or making them, lose them again, by some injudicious investment. Nevertheless commercial transactions are of great value to the world, and the efforts of those men who fail of entire or ultimate success will be

found to have contributed largely to the general welfare.

Recently I travelled in one of the oil districts of our country, and learned that only a small fraction of the immense number of wells that pierced the earth along the Ohio and its tributaries, had proved productive in any degree, and that almost innumerable fortunes had been sunk there, while I could not but recollect that very many men had lost their lives there, by explosions and disastrous fires. But then, many persons have succeeded marvelously; and the result is, a new article, or rather, several new articles have been given to the world, of great utility and immense commercial value.

Pre-eminently, this is an age of improvement in mechanics, insomuch that we should hardly know how to live, if set back, in this regard, fifty years; yet, of the models in the Patent Office the far greater number are known to be utterly useless; that is utter failures. The steam locomotive, in its present perfected state, is the result of many thousands of experiments and contrivances, only a few of which have proved fully successful or have become permanently incorporated with the machine. Every where the successful man is surrounded with unsuccessful men; every where the path to ultimate victory lies through the regions of temporary defeat: and he mistakes the designs of God in holding life's great prizes up so high that only the man who does his best can seize them, who idly witnesses the struggles of the contestants and writes himself philosopher for standing by with folded arms. Failures and catastrophes are God's larum bells, that call us to new measures of care, and diligence, and heroic effort, not curfews that bid

us go to sleep. Where others have nobly tried and ignobly failed, see that you "so run that ye may obtain."

Another objection, kindred to this, as betraying, quite equally, want of courage and christian heroism, may be stated as follows, "But is it not in the end a misfortune to the cause of God for one of the members of the church to make very strenuous exertions for purity, and at length profess to have received it, and then, by and by, to falter and fall back into comparative indifference and coldness?" I answer, this depends largely on the length of time the elevated standard is maintained, and the circumstances of the subsequent relapse. However, to put the thing in its worst light, I grant that it *may be*, or if you please, that it *is* a misfortune. But what then? What good enterprise is there concerning which you cannot conjure up some corresponding ultimate disaster, by which to deter yourself from any noble or heroic action. Houses have burned down. Therefore don't build a house. Riches have spoiled children. Therefore be sure and keep yourself poor. Men have toiled all summer and their gathered harvests have been consumed by fire in a single night. Therefore see that you neither sow nor reap. Or, to go back to the proverb itself, which expresses this great wisdom, "Better sit still than to rise up and fall." Therefore do you sit always! Alas, that so many of the professed people of God should be so ready to put their feet in these small cheap snares of Satan!

But let us consider the topic we have taken in hand.

Why should we go on unto perfection?

To answer this question, we have

only to suppose ourselves now to be Christians, when instantly, we are pressed on every side, by considerations of infinite weight, to urge us forward in this race.

I. Being Christians, we desire never, in any degree, to backslide. But until our hearts are purified through grace, there remains in us all, "a heart bent to backsliding," in the language of good Mr. Wesley; a taste, a relish for many things that are unprofitable to the soul and therefore contrary to the will of God. True, regenerating grace which "quickened us," which communicated the divine life to our spirits, has implanted within us a power by which we are able to resist and overcome sin; but, though grace has the mastery in the heart of every child of God, there is, in every Christian, not yet wholly sanctified in spirit, soul and body to the Lord, a contest between the grace of God that is in him, and the remains of the carnal mind. This contest does not involve great hazard, so long as the enemy be constantly driven, and the soul go from strength to strength; that is, so long as we are going on to perfection; but pauses and parleys, and alternations of victory and defeat, which *must come* if we do not thus go on, do bring us into great weakness, discouragement and danger.

II. Being Christians, we desire to conquer all our outward foes. Satan and the world are against us. They will do their worst. They will seek by every means to bring us again into bondage to sin. Who can tell the importance of securing, early in this contest, the complete expulsion from the heart of everything that is in sympathy with our foes. Traitors in the camp have brought defeat to many an army; and the enemies within, the remaining im-

purities of the heart, tolerated and harbored, have often brought again into bondage the man who had run well for a season.

III. As Christians, we desire to honor Christ. This we cannot do, in any large degree, if we forbid him to complete the work of our salvation. A single man, completely saved, confers more honor on the Saviour, by that fact, than he receives from many instances of an initial and partial work. The higher results of a system are those which are relied on mainly, if not wholly, to endorse and recommend it. Christ has received more honor from the single life of St. Paul, than from the lives of all the Christians at Corinth and Laodicea combined. Just as the value of any work of art lies in its *finish*, so does the value of Christian character, as a standing endorsement of the gospel, and a testimonial of the power of Christ to save, lie in the perfection of that character; the completeness of its agreement with the gospel idea.

IV. Being Christians, we desire the success of the gospel in the earth. We desire to see the world subdued, and the millennial reign of Christ introduced. This will be done, whenever it shall be done at all, through the church and the ministry of Christ. On this point the Word is explicit: "Ye," Christians, "are the salt of the earth;" "Ye are the light of the world;" "Go * * * preach the gospel to every creature." Christ is to subdue the world unto himself *through the agency of the church*. As a preparation for that work, nothing can for a moment be compared to that complete deadness to the world, that singleness of eye, that all consuming zeal, that concentration of the energies of the soul upon the one great object, which Christians realize and exhibit

only when they are made perfect in love; when all the antagonisms of grace are destroyed out of their hearts. Men work wonders when they *embark their all* in an undertaking and calmly resolve to conquer or die in the effort. Such men become at once formidable, whatever they have been before. Our patriot fathers struggled against great odds in military strength, and were few, and scattered, and poor; but they had pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, for the success of their cause. By that single fact, more than any other, they wrought deliverance.

So with the struggle between the North and South now in progress. The struggle is between nine millions of people and twenty-two millions of people. The stronger party has wealth, intelligence, and warlike appliances indefinitely more than the other, together with the whole mastery of the general situation. The weaker is shut in with a blockade, and is subjected to the greatest embarrassments in clothing and arming her troops. She is constantly struggling with desperate fortunes, and yet she has achieved victories, nearly as many and as great, as her more powerful antagonist. Where is the explanation? It is here. Southern generals are *entirely devoted* to their cause, and are resolved to gain it, or die in the attempt. Nay, they do die cheerfully, as a sacrifice for what they call the independence of their States. But how is it on the other side? How has it happened that with a rank and file fully devoted to the cause of the North, and with all their advantages, no more victories are gained by Northern generals. The contemplation of this question must be sickening to every American patriot.

One of the most pitiful sights the world has looked upon since Nero fiddled while Rome burned, has been exhibited during the present war in the American cabinet and the American camp. The national life has been trifled with for two years. Men, by hundreds of thousands, and money by hundreds of millions have been sacrificed, and still the stream of gold and the tide of human blood must flow on, we know not how long. Perhaps no country in the world is richer in resources, in men and in the devotion of willing hearts, than are the loyal States of America; and yet the leading minds are wanting, and the man is yet to arise, who, possessing the power to estimate the stakes of the contest, possesses also the self-forgetfulness and devotion to his country, which will endure all privations, forego all personal honors, welcome all co-operations, and with all his might and a single eye, push every advantage, till the rebellion is broken, and order and peace are restored to a bleeding land. When will the man appear? The country mourns and bleeds and waits the advent of such a leader.

Now apply all this to the case in hand, and you will have my idea. What the church needs just now, is not wealth, nor numbers, nor talent, nor respectability: but *entire devotion* to the one purpose of putting down the great rebellion against Heaven, and subduing the world to Christ. With her present strength and opportunities, if she had but the devotion of apostolic days, she would do it in fifty years.

Conclusion next number.

THE government of the will is better even than the increase of knowledge. Gratitude is the least of virtues, but ingratitude is the worst of vices.

THE WAY CHRIST LED ME TO HIMSELF.

For many years after my conversion, I struggled for full conformity to the will of God. During that time I realized that "riches take to themselves wings and fly away as an eagle toward heaven." I saw those I most highly prized fall by my side, and leave me alone among strangers. Then sought I afresh unto my God, and I said, surely he will give me the desire of my heart in this hour of greatest need, but no light shone upon my darkness,—no comfort came to my tired spirit. With a strong sense of duty, which has ever continued with me since I espoused the cause of Christ, I passed the round of daily duties, with punctilious exactness. Weary with all things earthly, and oppressed with care, I sighed continually for that rest which remains for the people of God—I knew from experience that there was a degree of rest for the believer, even this side the grave, and I could not—I dared not, stop short of it, in all its reality. So I threaded on in my weary way, struggling and agonizing and praying all the while, for acquiescence to the Divine Will, and "Holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Thus years passed, and I became painfully sensible I was none the happier, none the holier, and far less effective in my attempts to benefit and comfort others. Then I said, O Lord, I can make myself no better. Cut thy work short in righteousness and take me to thyself. I am willing to suffer any trial, any crucifixion, to be made holy as thou wouldst have me—these constant soul-struggles make me weary of my life. I truly realize

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

I continued to make the Scriptures my daily study as heretofore, but every day I seemed to have less power given me to appropriate the promises of God to myself. A mist—an indescribable something—quietly, yet surely, seemed to be thickening between my understanding and the word of God, that made me heart-sick. Powerless to do good and to get good, I wondered that my life was spared; and I said to my God, give me holiness—Bible holiness—for I learned of no other excepting through the Guide—or give me death! How I longed to meet with some one who understood experimentally, that salvation which "saves unto the uttermost," and to this end I often prayed. I met with no one however, and I began to despair of ever receiving any greater baptism, than the occasional effusions of a justified soul, and even those were farther apart and less powerful. My mind and spirit seemed to be perfectly paralyzed. Last summer, *providentially*, I met with the wife of Bishop Hamline. I told her I had repeatedly attempted to present my all upon the altar, but receiving no sensible manifestation of my acceptance, I was in great perplexity, and refused to be comforted. If, said she, you believe in the ability and willingness of God, as you say you do, why not take him at his word and believe you are accepted? O no, said I, that would not do, for he *does not* accept me. I am sure the fault lies in me alone, but yet I am not able to ascertain what I am withholding. If it were otherwise, I am sure he would accept, and give me an evidence of it,—I know from experience he is both able and willing to bless in proportion to *my* willingness. Then, said she, do you not make God a hard master, in supposing him to require that which you

are not able to perform? Yes, yes, I ejaculated, when the conversation ceased, God is merciful and of great compassion. If I honestly and faithfully, *as far as I know*, present my all upon the altar, will not Jesus Christ finish the presentation in his own name? Complete in Jesus! How my heart warmed and took courage. She handed me one of Mrs. Palmer's "Faith and its Effects" in which I read, "It is evident you have not a will of your own, if you can refer the ruling of your destiny back to God, were he to place it in your hands." My heart responded, if that be a test, I am sure the will of God predominates in my case, for I would not recall the past or have the ruling of my destiny in my own hands—God knows what is best for me—I do not.

A few days after, whilst kneeling alone with a friend of Mrs Hamline's, she said, "why not now, 'reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ?'" To me this passage had always been the darkest of all, but notwithstanding, and without any emotion whatever, I began to reckon or count myself dead unto sin. What a solemn moment! My soul said of Mrs. Hamline and Mrs. Palmer and the other sister, leave me *alone* with my God, for no human aid can help me now. This struggle between the flesh and spirit must end in victory or death. Thus was I enabled to lay body, soul and spirit upon the altar that sanctifies the gift, and without any joy at all, I believed I had met the requisitions of God, through grace, and I dared not doubt my acceptance. For awhile I clung by naked, joyless, intellectual faith. Soon, however, I began to feel it a privilege to be *permitted* thus to cling by naked faith, and all my interests both for time and eter-

nity unreservedly and irrevocably went over into His hands. Yes, yes, I was perfectly satisfied with such a disposition and with that feeling alone, I retired for the night. Next morning I opened the Bible and my eye fell upon "Hereby perceive we the love of God." My mind was so forcibly struck with the great love of God and the reasonableness of his requirements that I could read no further. Truly the love of God seemed far beyond all human calculation. To me it seemed so gentle, so diffusive, so precious, that my soul, at first, was awed into silence and I could only whisper, Jesus loves me. Never, before, did old truths of the Bible come upon my mind with such force and beauty. The promises seemed to stand out in bold relief and I was enabled to appropriate them all to myself. *Rest* and assurance of faith sprung up in my heart, unlike anything previous. Truly I realized that rest of which it has been said, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." And now that months have passed, I daily realize "I am the Lord's and he is mine." Bible proofs of this *great salvation* loom up before me upon almost every page I read—and every passage seems so rich and full of meaning. My faith is greatly confirmed and I can say I have no other wish than to *do the Will* of God. I have no care save that I might sin against him. When any vexing care or perplexity comes, I receive strength to look *right up* to Jesus, and my soul is as truly and effectually calmed, as when Jesus spake to the wind and raging waters. Truly this life is beyond description.

MODESTY is generally the companion of virtue, innocence and real abilities.

COL. HERMAN CANFIELD, who was shot at the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, knowing that his wound was mortal, requested to be taken home. Surrounded by the enemy, he was told that his request could not be granted, to which he calmly replied "*Never mind, Jesus will take me home.*" Exulting in the glorious prospect of a speedy entrance into the world of bliss, his spirit soon left the suffering body, and JESUS TOOK HIM HOME.

BY M. D. J.

Oh take me home!—The battle's dreadful strife
Has shatter'd my poor frame, and now my life
Is ebbing fast from this deep mortal wound,
And in this dreary place no rest is found;—

Oh, take me home!

My precious home!—Its atmosphere is sweet,
Its inmates dear as life;—their waiting feet
Will haste to meet me, and their loving smile
Will cheer my heart, and hours of pain beguile.

Oh, take me home!

My own dear home!—Those kind and gentle
ones—

Oh, could I see them!—*Could their tender tones*
Now greet my ear!—Oh might those dear ones
keep

Their vigils round me while I sweetly sleep!

Oh, take me home!

My own sweet home!—*But what is that I hear?*
The sound of hostile footsteps drawing near!
Ah!—I shall see my earthly home no more:—
But—*never mind*—soon to that *brighter shore*

JESUS WILL TAKE ME HOME!

My Heavenly Home!—Oh sweeter, dearer far,
That peaceful home:—where no dread sound
of war,

No sin's polluting touch, no grief, no pain,
Nor death, I e'er shall know or feel again:—

Jesus will take me home!

Tell my loved ones I go to that blest home,—
And at its gates I'll greet them when they
come;

That circle, broken here, will re-unite
In those pure mansions in the world of light.

Jesus will take me home!

Oh, glorious Home!—All blest, all holy there—
The blood-washed inmates:—love perfumes
the air—

JESUS—*most precious name!*—theme of their
song—

The light, the bliss of the Celestial throng—

JESUS will take me home.

My everlasting home!—Its portals bright
E'en now are opening to my raptured sight,
Its glories beam upon my soul,—I hear
Enchanting music from that blissful sphere!

Jesus will take me home!

He comes! He comes! I hear his chariot wheels!
The raptures of His love my spirit feels:—

Hail precious Saviour!—*Welcome! Welcome*
Thou!

Gladly my spirit quits these shores—Oh, now,

Jesus will take me home.

IS ALL UPON THE ALTAR?

BY W. A. C. WINOMS.

Sister, brother, long you for perfect love? Think you it is your privilege? Yea, more, your bounden duty? To whom have you applied? Did He ever turn one earnest, willing seeker away? When do you expect it? Next camp meeting? next prayer-meeting, band-meeting, or love-feast? Is this the doctrine Christ taught? No, no! But "now is the accepted time." Can you now receive? What hinders! Is all upon the altar? Paul exhorted the Roman converts to "present their bodies a living sacrifice." At this consecration how often have I trembled and staggered. Present our souls and bodies a living sacrifice, to Him who is to wash us? Oh glorious truth.

In making this consecration, one says, while the offering is named, Yes; I give this, and this, and this; yes, it is thy right, Lord, thy just due. Some things are comparatively easy to give up; but when the loving child, affec-

tionate husband, or endeared wife is to be offered, what a shrinking. What! not entrust the dearest object of your affection to Jesus, who is to cleanse you?

It was the last night of a glorious camp meeting. The spirit of God had been awakening sinners, and arousing believers. Many had been pardoned, many sanctified. The public services were closed and we were just retiring to rest, when a young friend came in and requested us to go to a certain tent, as there was a meeting in progress, of which we were fully aware. On arriving there we found a gracious influence in the meeting. Presently an elderly lady beckoned my companion to her and said, "Oh sir, speak to my daughter there." The young woman appeared to be about twenty-three years of age. She was lying on the floor, her head supported by her sister, and in great agony of mind. He asked her trouble. The mother replied that she was seeking perfect love, and had been this way for many hours. What fearful wrestlings within, what agonizing groans came from her burdened soul! He had her raised to a sitting posture. At first his questions received no attention. Finally in answer to one she exclaimed, "Oh, I want to be wholly the Lord's." In answer to inquiries she said, "she believed the Lord was willing and waiting to cleanse her the moment she believed." Mark the rest. He asked "Is all upon the altar? all given up to God as a free will offering, a living sacrifice?" Large tears began to fall. Here was the tender point. "Is all surrendered?" "That is just what I have been trying to do," she said. "Then let it be done. Come sister, follow me in making the surrender. My time, I give to the Lord?" "Yes," she answered. "My talents

as far as requisite I devote to Jesus?" "Yes, yes." "My influence hereafter is to be for Christ?" "It is, Lord help me." "Thank the Lord, sister, for this much," he rejoined. "Life, as dear as it is, I fully yield?" "Oh!" she cried, "I must have Jesus." "Now," he added, "look within, I cannot read your thoughts. God knows them; is there not a secret idol within? Can you give that up too?" She uttered a deep groan, falling forward into her sister's arms, burst into a flood of tears. My friend turning to the mother, asked if she was married. "Yes." "How long since?" "About a year and a half ago." "Is her husband a Christian?" "No, not yet; but is now seeking." "Has she a child?" "Yes, a little boy." "Where is her husband?" "That person sitting next her on the left, and if ever a woman worshipped a husband, she does." Oh! here was the trouble, with her, as with many others, a mother, a wife. These darlings must be given up. "Now, sister," he said, "the Lord requires us to make a complete surrender of all that stands between him and our souls. But this does not make it necessary to not love them, or care for them. Not so, but that you are willing to consecrate them to God and abide by his will, though to all appearance very much against your present enjoyment of them. Your affection instead of being less, can be, and is to be, purer and holier than now. But this must be done. Do you still thirst?" "Oh! my Jesus, my Jesus, could I but trust thee," she cried. "Well just now complete the consecration. You say you have given up yourself, can you now give up others? Your friends? Father? Mother?" "Y-e-s." "Sisters? Brothers? Can you trust God

for these?" "I can." "Praise the Lord much is accomplished. Can and do you freely give up your child? It is the purchase of his blood?" She was silent. The struggle was going on in the mother's breast. We waited a moment. She heaved a sigh. It was done. "Oh take, oh take my babe, Lord." One more object, and the work was done. Bending low, he whispered in her ear, "Husband too?" A shudder ran through her frame, her head dropped on her bosom. Now was the turning point. Angels were clustering around to wait the issue. Would they be disappointed? Her struggle was in silence for a moment, when she moved her head, and with one wild, despairing, broken-hearted scream, threw herself backward and clasped her arms around the neck of her idol. She exclaimed, "My husband, oh! my husband, oh my dear husband! how can I give you up." My friend waited till the first outburst of grief was over, when he repeated in her ear, "Husband too?" "Oh John," she said, "if you were only converted I think I could give you up." The husband was too full to speak. "Never mind your husband. The Lord will take care of him, and do more for his soul than you can. Get your soul right, and then 'no good thing will he withhold from you.' Jesus gave up all for you, and now waits 'to plunge you in the purple flood;' are you willing? Which will you have? Husband, or Jesus?" Another silence. She drew him closely to her for a moment or two, when her head fell on his shoulder, her lips moved, bending down we heard "Glory! Glory!" Her arms relaxed their hold, she fell backward, the tement of clay was received by the mother. Her soul was enjoying the celestial bliss of being swallowed up in "God-

Head's deepest sea." The consecration was made, the cleansing performed. As morning dawned, she made the woods resound with the shout of "Glory to the Lord." The rest is soon told. These things were too much for John; and while his wife was lying in glory, he was lying at the foot of the cross crying for pardon. He too, made the venture, and his regenerated soul was glad to tell of another child born to God. Their meeting need not be described. It was one we shall never forget.

Dear brother—sister—have you all upon the altar? Are the idols given up? Does the blood now cleanse?

Canada.

WORDS TO PARENTS.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is, your prayers. They are, if real and humble, worth more than food and clothing, and have often brought from the Father who is in Heaven, and hears our prayers, both money, and meat, and clothes, and all worldly good things. And there is one thing you can always teach your child; you may not yourself know how to read or write, and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things; you may not know the names of the stars or their geography, and may, therefore, not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is; nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia; but you may be always able to tell them who made the sun, the moon and stars, and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to heaven. You may always teach them to pray.

[Dr. Brown's Book on Health.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

FERVENT PRAYER WILL PREVAIL.

BY R. V. A.

It is about ten years since I united with the church of Christ. During the first two years I tried to lead a consistent life, and endeavored to win others to the Saviour, whom I professed to love and serve. From that time until within two years, I have been subject to a change of feeling; sometimes being deeply affected; then indifferent, until at last I tried to persuade myself religion was a vain thing; very soon I plunged into the pleasures of the world, attending the Theatre and other places of amusement, contented to live on, day after day, without the Bible and without prayer. I was willing the unconverted should know I was a church-member, though by my life and conversation I was a stumbling block in their way and a reproach to the cause of God.

During the month of November last, I visited a quiet village on the Cape and attended a series of meetings held at that time. I entered the place of prayer with a spirit of levity, and did all in my power to attract the attention of others. But there were praying souls in that village, who wrestled with God on my behalf; they watched as well as prayed, but several days elapsed before they prevailed. The Spirit was poured out upon me; my soul was greatly troubled. I endeavored to drive it from my breast, but in vain. Days were spent in anxious thought, and sleepless nights brought no relief, for I had not then offered one prayer for myself. Christian friends took me by the hand and entreated me with tears, to "ask

that I might receive;" they knelt with me, and never did more earnest, agonizing prayer go up, than was offered for me. I knew the way of duty and how a Christian *ought* to live, but I felt I could never walk in that way, nor lead that life; and I was also determined I *would never yield my heart*, until I *could be* a Christian in every sense of the word. At last I prayed, but no answer came; then I resolved I would seek no more, for it must be I had sinned away my day of grace. I expressed this conviction to one who had known my every feeling, but the more I *doubted*, the more *she prayed*. One day I had been struggling with my feelings, until it seemed to me I should sink forever into despair, when a suggestion occurred to my mind, made a few weeks previous, by a dear Christian minister; it was, that I should enter into a covenant with God—a written covenant. I went to my room and with a trembling hand traced the lines that were to seal my vows to God. I resolved to throw myself at the foot of the cross, and if I *perished*, to perish there. It was a solemn hour. I laid my head upon the table and prayed for strength to carry out in my life the vows recorded. That day and the next passed without my having any evidence that I was accepted, but the third day found me with a clear view of the Saviour, as receiving and blessing me. I could look away from weak and trembling self to "One who was mighty to save." I have since lived near the cross, as I humbly believe, and have neither been afraid nor ashamed to own my Lord. I have had near access to a throne of grace and always feel, when pleading there, that Jesus is near to strengthen my heart, encourage and increase my faith. Never before did I

understand the Scripture, "*We walk by faith and not by sight.*"

Christians! take courage! it was because of the faithful child of prayer, that the Saviour melted my hard heart and subdued my stubborn will. *The fervent prayer will be answered.* God will crown with success the labors of those *who are in earnest.* Trust not in your profession! *union with the church, is by no means union with Christ.* I have learned this truth by my past experience. The life must correspond with the profession, or we shall never "grow in grace," nor be an active Christian in winning souls. We may talk of the love of Jesus, and we may pray, but if we lack faith and are conformed to the world, our talk and our prayers will be in vain. We are not to shut within ourselves the bright hope of an existence beyond this world, where purity and love are undimmed and unstained by sin, but we are to let it shine forth in our daily walks, that others may be guided by it and seek it as their own. If we would wear the crown, we must *bear the cross*, and if we would make heaven rejoice over returning prodigals, we must work and not be idlers in the vineyard of the Lord.

If the eye of a wanderer from God should rest upon this page, or an unconverted person read this experience, written by one who has tasted of the pleasures this world affords, and of the joys of pardoned sin, it is my humble prayer, that such an one may be encouraged to go and seek to enter in, that his "joy may be full."

Andover, Jan. 1863.

MAN, the individual, and man, the race, must press on! Neither has yet attained. Both must go forward!

MRS. NELLIE BALDWIN.

BRO. DEGEN: Looking over my papers, a day or two since, I found the notes of a sermon preached at the funeral of Mrs. NELLIE, wife of Rev. Stephen Baldwin, missionary to China, and daughter of your editorial associate, the Rev. B. W. Gorham. Though the leading facts connected with the early death of this most excellent young lady have already been given to the readers of the Guide, it is very possible that the closing part of the sermon referred to may be read with more or less interest and profit. At any rate, I shall be happy to put on record my estimate of her character. The following extract is, therefore, at your disposal.

So far as man is capable of judging, no one ever more perfectly lived the life of those whose character is described in the text (Rev. 7: 14—17) than did the excellent Christian lady whose loss we this day deplore. In her very infancy she was given to God in holy baptism, and, at the age of ten, became by public profession a member of the church. From that time to the moment of her death, her life was one of loving obedience to God. The only question with her was, What is duty? That question answered, all was settled. No matter where the path of duty led, she was ever ready to walk in it. This solves the mystery of her early devotion to the missionary cause. She undoubtedly loved the young man whose fortunes she consented to share in distant China; but had she not loved the Saviour more than she loved him, her nimble feet had never traced the streets of Fuh Chau. Two years ago the 4th of October last, in the twentieth year of her age, she embarked with her youthful husband for that far-off land, purposing and ex-

pecting to live and die for the heathen. Just before her departure, she attended the Oswego district camp-meeting, held in Candor, and, at one of the largest and most interesting social meetings I ever attended, conducted just before the stand, she stood up and spoke to listening hundreds, if not thousands, of her contemplated mission; with a pale face, but unfaltering voice, expressing her unreserved devotion to the cause of Christ in China. Every eye wept—save her own. The speech and the circumstances can never be forgotten. Little did the speaker, who that day commended her and her work to the prayers of God's people, imagine that in so short a time he would be called upon to perform this solemn service over her lifeless clay. But the spirit of that memorable speech has been fully carried out. She has never faltered for a single moment. Nothing could shake her resolution. Sickness, storms, disasters, disappointments, seemed only to give additional strength to her purpose. She was the last to give up her plan to die in China. She toiled on long after the prevalent opinion was, that retreat or death was her only alternative. Apparently, she left China with far greater reluctance than she did her own native land. All her letters home breathe the spirit of martyrdom. They seem to say, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." Amidst all her sufferings she never expressed any regrets that she has given herself up to the life-work of saving the heathen. In purpose, she only came home to return again, so soon as her native air should restore her exhausted energies.* So that, in the last day, the Sovereign Judge will reward her as though she

*She died on her passage home.

had toiled fifty years in that distant field.

Let no one say, then, that *her life was a failure*. "That life is long that answers life's great end." And who will say that hers did not? Though only in her twenty-second year, she lived longer, morally, religiously, effectively, than even the patriarchs. Some of us who have toiled a little, here at home, forty or fifty years, will wear no such crown as that which shall adorn the brow of this youthful martyr. No, Nellie, thy life was *not* a failure! It was a consummation, a victory, a glorious triumph! Thou hast finished thy course and kept the faith, and now the crown of life is thine.

Mrs. Baldwin was, every way, a superior woman. There was in her not only a depth of piety, but a maturity of intellect truly remarkable in one of her age. She outstripped all her associates in acquiring the vernacular of the place where she expected to live, to labor, and to die. She comprehended human character by a sort of intuition. The bearings and probable results of plans and projects were seen by her at a glance, and seldom did she form a wrong estimate.

She was a dutiful child, an affectionate sister, and a loving wife. I knew her well from the days of her childhood till she went "far hence among the heathen," and I take pleasure in saying, that a more lovely youth, or a more amiable young woman, I have never known.

Too good for earth, to heaven has gone,
And left us all in tears.

"There is no man," emphatically avers the Great Teacher, "that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold

more in this present time, and in the world to come LIFE EVERLASTING."

"I MOVE INTO THE LIGHT."

The closing scene of Rev. Dr. Wallace's life is thus related by one of his daughters:

"Father said but little after he came home, on the subject of religion, but what he did say was very comprehensive. On the afternoon of the day before he died, we were near him expecting every moment might be the last we would look upon him living. My mother said, 'We are all watching you, dear, and there is One watching who never sleeps.' None of us who saw him then will ever forget the radiance that at that moment spread over his face; an apparently supernatural glory seemed to shine out from it. After a moment of what seemed to be rapturous contemplation, he said, 'Oh, the inexpressible glory! the ineffable sweetness of our Saviour! you must, just come to the cross in simple child-like faith! He wanted to hear some of the promises, and I repeated as nearly as I could the second verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' He answered simply 'Yes!' After this he did not talk much. The last words he said to my mother were: '*I move into the light!*'"

The following lines are a tribute to his memory by Rev. E. E. Adams, suggested by those memorable farewell words:

Out of the shadows that shroud the soul,
Out of the seas where the sad waves roll,
Far from the whirl of each mundane pole,
"I move into the light!"

Out of the region of cloud and rain,
Out of the cares that oppress the brain,
Out of the body of sin and pain,
"I move into the light!"

Out of the struggles of church and state.
Out of the empire of pride and hate,
Up through the beautiful sapphire gate,
"I move into the light!"

Beyond the noise of creation's jars,
Higher than all the worlds and stars,
Higher than limits of reason's bars,
"I move into the light!"

Far in the clime of the pure "Ideal,"
Where mind looks forth with an eye to see all,
Where matter is not, but life more real,
"I move into the light!"

We follow after to those high spheres;
Notes of thy rapture fall on our ears;
Out of our darkness, our sins and fears,
"We move into the light!"

PAUL AGAINST PAUL.

BY MRS. M. M. BOARDMAN.

Mr. H.—Did Paul look upon himself as perfect? Did he sometimes feel as if he had attained, and then again as if he had not come up to the full realization of all he might? What does he mean when he says, "not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect;" then again he says soon after, "Let us therefore as many as be perfect be thus minded?" Now Mr. R, what do you make out of this?

Mr. R.—To me it seems very plain, nothing more so. The apostle asserts the fact that he had not attained the full knowledge of Christ; therefore as there was beyond, a prize of the high mark toward which they must be pressing, let as many of us as have this per-

fect desire, be thus minded to press on. Paul did not speak of their being perfect in attainment, that is very clear.

Mr. H.—It is however very discouraging to always be trying after that which we cannot attain.

Mr. R.—Not at all. The artist in pressing from step to step in the progression of his work is constantly advancing toward perfection. And as he gains one stand-point, and still sees another beyond, does not feel discouraged, but forgetting those things which are behind, he presses forward, to the mark of the prize of his high calling. Every step gained but raises the artist's conception of what he may acquire. Then as his views enlarge, and he sees what may be done, he does not think of yielding to discouragements because there are still fields of unexplored treasures beyond, but day after day as he gives the gentle touch of the brush to the canvass, his emotions expand, and he presses on with fresh vigor because he has not yet attained the highest degree of perfection in art, but sees that which requires the use of all the energy of his being and powers of mind to attain.

Thus it is with the Christian, as he advances in knowledge of God and of his works, and as he obtains glimpse after glimpse of his perfection and wisdom, he feels that before *him*, there are heights and depths of unexplored glories not yet attained; and as these beauties of the divine character open before him, he feels that there is enough to call forth all the powers of his being. And the fact of the field enlarging before him, makes him all the more eager to press forward, and as his vision expands, hope becomes more glorious, and nothing to such a mind is more abhorrent than the idea of having already

attained, or being already perfect, in the view we have taken of it.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PURITY OF HEART.

As Wesleyan Methodists, we hold most firmly the doctrine of Entire Sanctification. As believers in God's word, we insist on the possibility of the Christian being made completely holy in this life. As surely as it is said that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," so sure is the declaration that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." We cordially, and with all our hearts believe this. The word of God declares it, and upon its declarations we build our faith. We are constantly exhorted to "go on unto perfection," and to have in us "the mind that was in Christ." We have promise upon promise to the same effect. God "will sprinkle clean water upon us, and we shall be clean." "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness:" as faithful and just to cleanse us, as He is to pardon. We have the solemn command of Christ, to be "perfect as our Father which is in heaven is perfect." The Spirit inspires such prayers as "Create in us a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." Upon such evidence we ground our belief, that it is possible for the believer, even in this life, to be cleansed from all sin. Yet the persons who enjoy this Scriptural blessing are comparatively few. We thank God for some, who as clearly and blessedly experience it, as did any in the

days of Wesley. But they are few. A vast number live without it; either content to remain in a partially sanctified state, or thinking a state of entire purity too high for ordinary believers. There are many among us, who as Christians merely *exist*. Their souls cannot be said to *live* to God. The holy fire in their hearts burns but dimly; and, with few signs of growth in grace, they remain year after year, in a state of scriptural dwarfishness. These want *purity* of heart. Then we have numbers of young converts, who, after the first gush of joy, are sensible of the want of something more. These want *purity*. There are also many—some of them Christians of standing—who once enjoyed this glorious blessing, but have lost it. A cloud is over their experience; their joys are meagre, and they are constantly crying, “O that I was as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness!” These want *purity*. There are Ministers who are bewailing their leanness of soul, and absence of unction in their pulpit services. There are Leaders of Classes, who deplore the lifelessness of their members. There are Local Preachers who have gifts for usefulness and yet appear to labor almost in vain; and there are a host of persons, who, without doubt, are God’s children, yet whose constant cry is, “O my leanness, my leanness;” and who live in the experience described in such verses as,—

“Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord!”

These all want *purity* of heart. It is the very blessing, which, of all others, they most need. We speak not too

strongly in saying that, in the present day, this is the great want of the church. The best barrier against that rising tide of worldliness, which is sweeping round the church, is purity of heart. The best antidote to that cold and hollow formalism which robs the church of power, is purity of heart. The best preparation for large and extensive usefulness, is purity of heart.

But how shall we seek it? how obtain a blessing so greatly to be desired?

Let us first become satisfied as to the possibility of attaining it; and then, by God’s help, set our hearts on its possession.

Let us stir up ourselves to pray, and with heart-earnestness wrestle for the blessing.

Let us count the cost of a life of entire devotion to God; and then solemnly, and with all our hearts, give ourselves wholly to Him.

Let us, taking God at His word, trust, with simple faith, in the blood which “cleanseth from all sin;” and, assured that all things are “possible to him that believeth,” let us take hold on the promise, and “henceforth live, not unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us, and rose again.” We are Thine, O Jesus, bought with a price. Claim us for Thine own.

We close by a short extract from the Journals of our Founder.

“The more I converse with the believers, in Cornwall, the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, whenever this is not done, the believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love. I say, an *hourly expectation*; for to

expect it *at death, or some time hence*, is much the same as not expecting it at all."—*Chris. Miscellany*.

FROM MRS. PALMER.
REVIVAL IN LEEDS, ENG.

Dec. 8, 1862.

The work is daily on the rise, and we are expecting that the Lord will mightily shake Leeds.

Three meetings are held daily and often four. In the morning at 7 o'clock, noon meeting at 12, and another from 6 to 7 prior to the evening service. Much prayer is offered, and God's Israel are grasping mighty things. Last night I felt much divine power resting upon me while speaking, and was informed afterward that three friends who were mighty in prayer had retired from the crowded chapel to plead that the Holy Spirit would speak through my lips and make the word quick and powerful.

The whole service was indeed gloriously owned of God in the awakening and conversion of sinners—believers were also sanctified wholly.

People seemed to be under awakening influences all over the house, but we have seldom been at a place where there has been so much manifest resistance to the Holy Spirit.

Every day in passing from the house of our host J. H——, Esq. to the chapel, we pass the place where the sainted Bramwell exchanged mortality for immortality. The holy William Bramwell, so eminently filled with the Spirit, has many spiritual children in these parts. He was once stationed in Leeds. It was in Woodhouse Lane, only a few steps from where I write, that the night patrol found him in the agonies of death, and took him back to Mr. Sigston's, where the vital spark

took its flight. We have visited the house where he

"Clapped the glad wing and soared away,
To mingle with the blaze of day."

We have called on Mr. Sigston the intimate friend and biographer of Mr. Bramwell. He seems to be as lovely a specimen of green old age as was our dear Dr. Bangs. He delights to talk about his loved, departed Bramwell, and when we said that the time could not be far distant when he would meet his sainted friend and many others, "on the banks beyond the stream," he exultingly added,

"Where all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the master beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph at sorrow and death;
The voyage of life at an end
The mortal affliction is past,
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last."

Dec. 24. We are now as you will observe in Yorkshire. Cross-Hall, the place where Mrs. Fletcher resided a little over fourteen years—is about three miles from Leeds. We visited the place—a wealthy gentleman belonging to the Wesleyans is the present owner. Though many things remain much as they were when the devoted Miss B—— occupied the commodious house and grounds, yet there is doubtless an air of ease and elegance to which they had never attained when Miss Bosanquet's large family of orphans were in possession of the domain. A place was pointed out to which I have observed but one reference in her memoir, and then I wondered what it could mean, or where it could be. You may remember she speaks of a gracious season at the *Hermitage*. This was a place built against the wall at the extreme end of the ample grounds. Mr. Fletcher spent about six months at Cross-Hall at the time of his marriage.

We did not seem to be strangers to the present occupants who made our visit as satisfactory as possible. We took pleasure in leaving as a memento of our visit one of our little volumes. Little did I think when I used to read Mrs. Fletcher's memoirs with such interest when a child, that I should ever be walking over Cross-Hall and its beautiful grounds. The present occupant evidently feels that his beautiful Hall and elegant grounds are far more valuable from the fact that they were once the property of Mrs. Fletcher.

He showed us the former deeds of the property by which it was conveyed from one purchaser to another. And here in the year 1781 was the hand writing of Miss Mary Bosanquet, and William Thomas Fletcher—she first signing away a portion of Cross-Hall property before she was united to Mr. Fletcher, and the latter after her marriage, to which both their names are appended. We visited Bramwell's grave at Westgate Hill about six miles from Leeds. It had been estimated that there never had been such a gathering at Leeds as at Mr. Bramwell's funeral. So Mr. Sigston informed us. He pointed us to the spot where the vast procession of about 10,000 parted on their road to the grave, and after singing the hymn commencing

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain,"

the vast assemblage partially dispersed and others proceeded with the remains of the loved and honored to Westgate Hill where the daughter of Mr. B—— at that time, as now, resided. We took the road by which the procession moved and visited the grave. A weeping ash overhangs a large horizontal stone on which is inscribed, "Here

lies all that was mortal of William Bramwell, Minister of the Gospel" &c. The remains of Mrs. Bramwell lie beside her husband, marked by a stone of similar dimensions. She outlived her husband ten years, and then triumphantly and alike suddenly as her husband went home to glory, with the name of "Jesus! sweet Jesus!" on her lips. We went into the chapel, and while I was actually bowing my knees in the same sacred desk in which one Sabbath, only three days before Mr. Bramwell's translation, he delivered his last message to the people of that place, the chapel-keeper arrested my attention, by saying that she was present, when that last solemn sermon was preached. She also assured us, she heard and distinctly marked his prophetic words in prayer, "Lord didst thou not this day speak to my heart, and say, thou shalt soon be with me to behold my glory?" Till Wednesday evening of that week he seemed to be happy, bright and well as usual, but ere the dawn of Thursday he was in glory; and on the Sabbath afternoon just one week from the hour she heard the prophetic words in prayer, she saw his remains committed to the tomb.

Leaving the chapel we went to see Mrs. Hargreaves the one and only daughter of Mr. Bramwell. She still resides next door to the chapel as we may imagine she did, when as Mr. Sigston says, "many friends took tea with him at the house of his daughter." Last week we spent part of a day at Harrowgate where we passed a pleasant hour with William Greensmith Esq. This is the individual whose restoration to eye-sight is related in Bramwell's memoir. Mr. G—— is now a hale, healthy old gentleman. When a child about nine years old, he was for a long

time so severely afflicted with a painful disease of the eyes as to be wholly unable to bear the light. One morning as Mr. Bramwell was about leaving the house, having preached in the place the evening previous, he called for the afflicted boy. Laying his hands on the boy's head, he lifted his eyes to heaven and uttered a short inaudible prayer, and then mounting his horse rode away. The boy immediately tore the bandages from his eyes, and to the great astonishment of the family looked out of the window and inquired if Mr. Bramwell was gone. From that hour his eyes were well.

CROWN OF LIFE.

BY MRS. E. DYER.

There is a crown laid up on high,
Beyond the portals of the sky,
Reserved for faithful souls;
No mortal eye hath ever seen,
Or mortal footsteps stood within,
To view the heavenly world.

'Tis not like crowns that monarchs wear,
Or one which earthly Princes share,
But an immortal crown,
Suspended in the heavenly halls,
Where glittering mottoes deck the walls,
This heavenly treasure's found.

It is a prize more pure than gold,
Its worth no language can unfold,
Or human mind conceive.
Hope will my weary soul sustain,
And bear me up through toil and pain,
Till I the prize receive.

The saints within that glorious sphere,
All lived by faith, and conquered here;
To them the Crown is given.
If back the curtain were but drawn,
And all the glories there be shown,
'Twould urge me on to heaven.

Bought by a Saviour's dying love,
Who intercedes for us above,
And lifts the prize in sight;
And when death's waves around us roll,

He will receive the faithful soul,
To that blest world of light.

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIV- INGTON ST., N. Y.

A minister said that the evening before he had seen the grandest sight of his life. He attended a meeting at the Cooper Institution, and the immense room was closely crowded—one third only white, the rest colored—it was a Jubilee emancipation gathering—a colored minister occupied the chair, who said he saw the people were very anxious to make some demonstration of their joy, and wished them all to rise and stand a few minutes in silent adoration, praise, and thanksgiving, to Almighty God for the work he has wrought. Promptly the vast assembly were on their feet in silent worship—each heart lifting up its own praise and thanks.

He then spoke of his progress in the divine life and his sweet communion with Christ and the blessings of the Holy Spirit.

Another minister said that this first Tuesday in the year was his anniversary in a closer walk with God; and although hindered by his pastoral duties from being as steadily at the meeting as he wished, yet like the pious Jew who worships with his face toward Jerusalem, so on Tuesday afternoon wherever he is, his heart turns to the meeting.

The meeting yesterday was full of interest—much unction was felt in the opening prayers. The seekers were immediately invited to rise and commit themselves—some for pardon and many for purity. The experience related was intended to aid their faith that they might lay aside their hindrances and

enter into rest through faith. Many profited by the way being made plain, and believed to full salvation. The afternoon being so short now, it was deemed most expedient to aid seekers first. Some of them who had long felt their bondage spoke and were strengthened. A minister from West Point who led the meeting, said he could not get along in his pastoral duties without a pure heart, and that lately while very weary in body on his way home, he had had a precious manifestation of his crown, when his weariness was all gone through the refreshment of his spirit. He solicited the prayers of the meeting for the cadets there; twenty-five of them now attend his preaching.

He exulted in the power, and grace of God in his own experience, and its adaptation to the wants of sinful men.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour, of all."

In one of our churches it was concluded on Wednesday evening that we meet the next morning at six o'clock, to hail the infant Jesus. A few gathered before the early dawn, with our good pastor in his place. Singing and prayer were interspersed for some time, and our beloved country was not forgotten in earnest supplications. Then, the pastor thought it well to change the exercises, and relate experience, in which he led the way, and spoke of an early prayer-meeting to which he went with his mother on the centenary morning when quite a boy—he remembered the words that were sung as they approached the door, "where is good old Wesley now?" And he said, "where is the blessed Saviour now? At the right hand of God pleading for

us." Another said, she had been singing with the angels, "peace on earth and good will to men." One felt much, and said she had never before had such a visit to the manger, and desired more of the infant graces in her soul, those of gentleness and meekness.

Another who had until the last year, been groping her way to heaven through pictures, images and forms, said she was very happy, and felt that Christ was in her heart; she knew she loved Jesus.

A lad whose father had a few days before gone to the blessed world we have not seen, said, he preferred the love of God in his heart to any other gift that could be presented to him.* A sister spoke of the necessity of watchfulness for the young on that day. Then the pastor again reverted to his own experience in preserving a watchful, prayerful state of mind in all circumstances, to which we could all set our seal in his holy consistent example. Thus our happy Christmas day was commenced and we trust ended.

M. A.

*And the first Sabbath in the New Year, this dear lad was enabled to believe he was accepted in Christ, and thus received the gift he so much desired on Christmas morning.

TO THE ONE PANTING FOR LIGHT.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I read your interesting letter in the Dec. *Guide*, and in a measure can sympathize with you, having at times in my experience, stood on the same ground which I think you now occupy. We do not always see our true position, but this is not our worst difficulty, we might if we would, but do not always like to.

You seem to have sought in vain for

aid, but if I can succeed in showing you some of the obstacles that lie in your way, my labor will not be entirely in vain.

Holiness is the same in all ages; and it must be sought simply for what it is. Not for what it will make of us, or cause us to be or do, but only for what it is, leaving all else with God. Having holiness, which is Christ dwelling in us, we have the promise of all that is needful: for "in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily;" and he says "Lo, I am with you always."

The manner of obtaining this blessing is the same with all. The monarch and the beggar must get it in the same way. It seems, my sister, you must be laboring under some mistake with regard to the manner of obtaining this blessing. I have always thought where there is a fixed purpose to obey God in all things, the soul would not long be left in darkness; for it is written, "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." God is no "respector of persons," neither is he a hard master. The willing heart may ever find the path of duty, for it is written, "I will instruct thee, I will teach thee in the way which thou shalt go." It may be you have been looking in a wrong direction:—perhaps too high. Although nothing can possibly be so elevating in its nature as holiness, yet we must look very low to find it. The precious pearl lies in a lowly bed.

You ask, can you tell me the way to Jesus?—to the all cleansing fountain, and show me into God's armory where the saints are equipped and fitted to do all the will of God? Can you tell me why I worship in the "outer court" and have not yet found my way into

the "holiest?" You say, I cherish no idols, I love not the world. But as I have said, we do not always know our true position, may it not be possible that you are dishonoring God, and grieving the Holy Spirit from you, by cherishing an evil heart of unbelief? Do you believe the promises of God? Do you believe he will do just as he says he will? Here is a point to be closely investigated. I cannot know surely just what you are withholding, but it is evident there is something. May it not be self? Have you yet laid self, "a living sacrifice" on the altar that sanctifies the gift? If you do not love the world, you may fear it. The fear of man bringeth a snare, and this may be the snare that binds you.

God never did nor never will refuse a perfect sacrifice. He says "come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty." Now when the whole heart is given up to Christ, it is just as sinful to disbelieve its acceptance, as to disbelieve God's acceptance of Christ as our atonement. But you say, "can you tell me the way to Jesus?" Undoubtedly you would have the image of Christ clearly and unmistakably enstamped on your soul, and ever wear the holy impress there: but do you still mourn your want of power against the mighty host of your inbred foes? then come and let us step aside a little from the busy world and seek Gethsemane's lonely garden. *Here is Jesus, the Saviour you seek.* Hear his earnest prayer! hear him cry in bitter agony, "My Father if this cup may not pass except I drink it, thy will be done." The bitterness of that cup no human heart can

conceive, yet with *meek submission* to his Father's will, for our sakes he *receives* and *drinks* it.

Are you yet unable to make the required consecration? Does the "strong man armed yet keep his palace? then come a little further and let us contemplate the scenes of Calvary.

"Behold Him now

Suspended on the cross! on his pale brow
Hang the cold drops of death; through every
limb
The piercing torture rages; every nerve,
Stretched with excess of pain, trembles convulsed."

O my sister! *here too is Jesus* the spotless Lamb of God! *suffering for sins but not his own*. At his dying cry the earth shook, and the vail of the temple was rent, and the way into the holiest was made plain. Will you suffer with him and for him, will you count all things loss for his sake? Are you ready to pass the crucifying test? to die to the world—to sin, that you may live unto holiness and to God? Will you *follow him* through evil and good report—through *shame* and *scorn*, and the various persecutions endured by those who "will live godly in Christ Jesus?"

Here too is the All-cleansing fountain; the boundless ocean of redeeming love. Will you

"Plunge into the purple flood,
And rise to all the life of God?"

Here is the way into the "inner court,"—into the holiest, where the saints are equipped and fitted to do and suffer all the will of God. Will you *take on the armor*,—the weapons that are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.

My dear sister, may I not hope you have found your way to Jesus, and by

faith in him as the all-cleansing fountain, been able to enter into the holiest,—the rest from sin? If so, you will no longer mourn your hardness of heart, your weakness of faith, your unfitness to meet responsibilities, or to labor at any time or in any part of your Lord's vineyard. You now find faith, which is made perfect by works, to be a plant of spontaneous growth ever springing up from the soil of obedience. Let me now exhort you to "commit the keeping of your soul unto him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator." "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Yours in Christian love,

ELIZABETH.

TO U. E. T.

Will you open your Bible at the 5th chap. of the epistle to the Ephesians, and read from the 2nd line in the 25th verse?

"Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

Of all the advices which have perplexed, that which has come the nearest to helping you, is, "Think no more about self, but go about the work of your Master." If you could do that, your soul would indeed be at liberty, for its trouble arises from a load which a Christian—except under peculiar crises of experience—is not called to sustain. A man who trusts in Christ must often bear the burden of other people's

souls, but he has no business with his own. So the counsel was good, albeit incomplete, for it did not first direct you to a position in which you *dare* leave self alone, in which you *could* go about your Master's work. You have no right to leave self alone while anything in it is out of Christ's government; you have no power to go about His work while you are unsubdued to His will.

I do not write now with the intention of multiplying advice, or with the hope of giving you any help,—no one can do that—but merely to direct where you may obtain it for yourself; and the overlooking of which has been, I think, the radical defect of your experience. In a word, you have never begun with Christ *early* enough. Do you understand this? For instance, I say to a sinner seeking pardon, "Come to Jesus." "I cannot do that," is probably the answer, "because I must first repent of my sins." "No you must not," I reply, "you must come to Him in order to repent; 'He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance unto Israel as well as remission of sins.' You may be mistaken in thinking repentance is the present need of your soul, but if it be so, you must still come to Him for it. Whether you want wounding or healing, breaking down or building up, the thing He insists upon is that you come straightway to Him for it, and then He will give you whatever you need.

Now do you not think that this mistake, so common to penitent sinners, has been yours, penitent believer? Have you not labored to bring yourself into a state in which you might be sanctified? and this perhaps in various ways. You have first endeavored to consecrate yourself into fitness for Je-

sus, having heard that this was a prerequisite of sanctification. True, it is so because the first thing he requires of every soul is to cease from rebellion: it is well therefore, as a test of submission, to try yourself by the details of consecration. But this is not to prepare you for the work of Christ. If you could not thus consecrate yourself, I would say to you, "trust your Saviour at this very point of new consecration, and trust Him to work it in you. Do not wait till you are given up to Him before you expect His healing power." But this is not your present stumbling-block. Perhaps therefore you are now trying to *believe* yourself into fitness for Jesus, having heard that this is a prerequisite of sanctification. True again, it is so, but what are you to believe? Admitting the worst, that you have no sanctifying faith, I would repeat, apply to Christ for it; do not stay away from Him till you have the inward consciousness of faith. The probability is however, that you have the elements of a faith as real, as is your consecration. For this latter, however entire you may deem it, is only in its elements. Practically perfected, it never can be, by any other means than work and suffering. Most likely, then, you have the faith that purifies, but are failing to use it, at the instant in which you are required to do so, or in other words, to begin with Christ early enough. Let us now go back to our scripture:—"Christ loved the church and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it, with the washing of water by the word. That he might present it to himself." Do you remark the order? He loves it,—He loves it to the death,—He so loves it that He may cleanse it,—(not cleanse it that He may love it, that is our order, but it is not

His) He cleanses it with the purifying energy of His Spirit symbolized by the washing of water,—He cleanses it by the instrumentality of the Word,—He cleanses it that He may present it unto Himself, meet for his fellowship. You see the first and last of these positions might be joined: Christ loved the church—that he might present it unto himself: they come naturally together, the one is a fit sequence of the other; and an inhabitant of another world, altogether ignorant of the drama of redemption, but who knew the character of Christ, and of the object of His love, could fill up the hiatus: loving the church he must seek its fellowship, then it is inevitable that He will do what may be necessary to effect this. Admit the love, and the cleansing preparatory to fellowship, is His responsibility. Now what is the basis of faith here? The word as the instrument of sanctification? No, this is part of the superstructure. The power of the Spirit as the sanctifier? No, you are not at the foundation yet. It is that Christ loves you—this simply—and resting upon this groundwork of salvation, if you really do rest upon it, every blessing necessary for the completeness of your salvation will infallibly be added unto you.—Fellow-Christian, do you know your divine Friend well enough, to assume every grace as the consequence of His love? If not, the shortest way for you to get sanctified, is to pray for the revelation of Jesus until you do. If you do, use the knowledge now—begin with Christ at this moment, by planting your feet on this rock of unutterable love, and He will begin to fulfil in you all the good pleasure of his goodness and the work of faith with power.

Can you accept this as the answer to

your question “what am I to believe?” Faith always strikes root in the character of God in Christ: every other variety of confidence is this elaborated. It is not therefore necessary, in order to be sanctified through the truth, that you lay hold on any particular promise; it may be better in some respects that you should, it gives point and finish to faith to do so; but failing this, you are still purified through the Word, for it is the Word that reveals to you the Character in which you trust, while did you rest on any specific promise, it must still be the character of God that could give value to the word. The essence of faith is the same in both cases. In both you are cleansed by the instrumentality of the Word, with the power of the Spirit, revealing through it the character of God in Christ, which character is Love. “Christ loved the church and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, That he might present it to himself. Does this love guarantee you in yielding yourself to its power, or not? Does its foundation work of laying down life for you, warrant the expectation of the supplementary one of sanctifying you? If you feel that it does, perhaps the only remaining danger will be lest you should mistake the nature of His operation and so ignore it when it actually exists. “He will fulfil in you” I said just now “all the good pleasure of his goodness and the work of faith with power.” Yes, He will surely do this, but pray remember, that His good pleasure may not be yours, even in the experience of entire sanctification; pray remember, that the work of faith, though it must always be with power to cleanse the soul, may vary infinitely in the measure of power;

and do not make any stipulation as to the complexion of your experience, or the degree of spiritual force that shall invest your life. With regard to the former, He will take care that you shall be "holy and without blame before him in love" (not in anything else recollect); with regard to the latter, that measure of the power of the Spirit shall rest upon you, which is sufficient for the work whereunto He calls you. Be content with these two. Christ neither undertakes to raise you to any standard of faultlessness not involved in love, nor to stock you with a surplus of power on which duty makes no demands. Be content with these—not in the sense of self-satisfaction—for as to that we must aim at faultlessness in everything because our Pattern was so,—but in the sense of freedom from harrassing misgivings. If you would hold fast your confidence in an inward Saviour, amid the ever recurring proofs of your own worthlessness, you will do well to rid yourself of everybody's standard of holiness, save *his* who learned it in the closest fellowship with Jesus ever enjoyed by mortal man. "Whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected."

Now let us read those words again.

"Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it;

That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word,

That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

E. R.

London, Jan. 1863.

LIGHT of the understanding—humility kindleth, but pride extinguishes it.

CHRIST AT THE WELL.

BY E. L. E.

The sun upon Samaria's plains
In noontide fervor shone,
When he who lightened others' pains,
Paused weary with his own.

Athirst with human want he sat
Upon the Patriarch's well;
Perhaps with longing more than that,
Of living streams to tell.

Samaria's daughter came to draw
The water such could yield;
The angels in attendance saw
A richer fount revealed.

From her, whatever was her sin,
The Prophet did not shrink;
And hers the honor rare hath been
To give the Saviour drink.

A simple act—a child may give
A beggar just the same;
But she in this one deed shall live
With an undying fame.

Yet not for this—but as she heard
Of Christ, the life, the way,
She answered with no haughty word
That leads the soul astray.

She boasted not the caviller's art
To reason and to err;
The stranger read her secret heart.
And he was Christ to her.

She thirsted—not as when she drew
For him at Jacob's well;
A deeper thirst her spirit knew,
Which he alone could quell.

O precious hour of wondrous good!
Her rapture who may tell,
As by a failing fount she stood
And found the living well.

So when the simple word we take
That proves a Saviour's powers,
The cup of life our thirst shall slake,—
The Christ, the truth, are ours.

WHERE real true fortitude dwells,
loyalty, bounty, friendship and fidelity
may be found.